

# Pebbles

jrxyl

## Pebbles by jrxyl

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**Genre:** Angst, Established Relationship, Fluff, Fluff without Plot, Is that a thing, M/M, honestly just richie and eddie being soft, maybe? it's hardly there tbh

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**Summary:**

Eddie made Richie want to do a lot of things that Richie wouldn't normally do.

Like carry an extra inhaler, bandaids, Neosporin (even though it usually wasn't Eddie that needed the last two).

Or in this case, throw pebbles against his window.

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### Author's Note:

idk why the spacing looks so weird but i can't fix it  
so just ignore that pls

Eddie made Richie want to do a lot of things that Richie wouldn't normally do.

Like carry an extra inhaler, bandaids, Neosporin (even though it usually wasn't Eddie that needed the last two).

Or in this case, throw pebbles against his window.

Richie wasn't sure why he did it, Eddie and him both had phones, so he could easily text Eddie and ask him to unlock his window.

But he didn't.

Instead, he would send a text to Eddie, simply asking if he was awake (he could be an ass, but he knew Eddie already had trouble sleeping, and didn't want to wake him in case he has fallen asleep at a decent time). Or, Eddie would be the one to send him a text. Asking if it was okay if he came over, or if Richie minded coming over.

If it was Richie coming to Eddie's house, he always found himself doing the same thing.

Throwing small pebbles against Eddie's window.

He was almost positive it started as a joke, but then he had saw the small smile on Eddie's face as he scolded him ("You could've broken

my window, you idiot!") and decided there was no harm in continuing to do it.

Eddie tried to do it once, but got a bit too excited and threw a larger rock. It didn't break the window, just leaving a small chip, but he was too scared to try it again.

("What was that about me breaking your window?" "Shut up!")

Richie was reading a comic book with his phone quietly playing music beside him, waiting until he became tired enough to fall asleep. His music quieted as a text alert sounded. He grabbed his phone and bit his lip to hid his smile as he read the message.

*Hey, are you awake?*

It was a simple message, honestly. Richie knew it shouldn't fill his stomach with butterflies, but it did. Eddie made him feel like that a lot, he wasn't quite sure how Eddie did it.

But that's just who Eddie is, what Eddie does, Richie thinks, he just makes the world...better.

His phone buzzed again, subtly telling him he had spent two minutes just thinking about Eddie and how he makes him feel. He releases his lip from between his teeth and typed a response.

*yeah, why? do you want your knight in shining armor to come visit you?  
;)*

He knew he was being cheesy and gross, but he loved Eddie's reaction to things like that.

*Yes, actually.*

Richie blinked. Okay. Not the response he had been expecting, he couldn't help the spark of worry that shot through his body.

*well shit i wasn't expecting that are you okay?*

*Yeah, I'm fine. I just wanna see you.*

*aw, eds, aren't you just such a cutie?*

*Call me Eds again and I'm locking the front door.*

*eds*

*eddie spaghetti*

*my darling*

*my baby eds*

*I'm blocking you.*

Not even ten seconds passed before Richie got another text.

*See you in ten?*

*on my way now ;)*

*Gross.*

*do i need to bring an extra pair of clothes?*

*No, you can just borrow mine.*

*you're like 3 feet tall that won't work*

*Okay I'm actually blocking you now*

*....be safe.*

*i will be, don't worry*

Richie didn't grab anything before sneaking downstairs and quietly leaving through the front door. He didn't really need to worry about clothes, he was over at Eddie's so much, and vice versa, that over half of his stuff was there.

The ride to Eddie's house wasn't long, but it was cold and made Richie realize he should've worn a coat. Or at least a thicker shirt.

He arrived soon enough, leaving his bike by the bushes and began to search for pebbles. He was freezing, but a tradition was a tradition.

Once he found a good handful, he started to lightly throw them against the window. It only took five pebbles for Eddie to come downstairs and open the front door.

"Why do you do that? You know the front door's open, it always is," Eddie said as he leaning against the open door. His hair was messy and fluffy, his eyes were dropping a bit as if he would fall asleep at any moment. Richie swore he could feel his heart melt.

"Yeah, I know. But you like it when I do the pebble thing," Richie said as he made his way toward Eddie, hands in his pocket and a

smug grin on his face.

“I really don-”

“Eds, I could see your blush from miles away. Don’t try to deny it,”  
To prove his point, Richie pinched Eddie’s cheeks, feeling how warm they were.

Eddie’s protest died on his tongue when he felt Richie’s hands on his face, “Jesus Christ! Your hands are fucking freezing, why did you waste time throwing rocks when you could get hypothermia?”

Richie shrugged, “I sacrifice a lot to make you smile, babe.”

Eddie ignored how the nickname made his heart beat faster, “Whatever just, just come inside,” He grabbed Richie’s hand and dragged him inside. Richie didn’t protest.

“Do you want hot chocolate or anything?” Eddie asked once they reached his room.

“Nah, I’m good, thanks though.”

Eddie shot him a glare. “You’re practically ice, you’re not good.”

“Okay fine, give me a sweatshirt then.”

Richie didn’t expect Eddie to actually do it, he wasn’t kidding when he said none of Eddie’s clothes would fit him, but Eddie turned around and pulled out a large hoodie and a pair of sweatpants. Once he handed them to Richie, Richie looked at the sweatshirt for a moment before asking, “Wait, isn’t this mine?”

Eddie just nodded, “Yep. The sweatpants are your’s, too.”

“Why do you still have these?”

“I like to wear them to bed, or when I miss you I guess,” Eddie spoke as if his statement didn’t make Richie’s heart malfunction.

Richie just nodded, a faint blush on his cheeks. He slipped on the sweatshirt and sweatpants over the clothing he was already wearing.

Once he was finished, he walked over to Eddie’s bed and curled up under the blankets, watching Eddie expectantly.

Eddie only moved to turn off the light before climbing in bed next to Richie. Richie immediately opened his arms and Eddie laid his head on Richie’s chest, one hand over Richie’s waist and the other holding his hand.

“Was you missing me the only reason you texted me?” Richie asked, breaking the silence of the room.

Richie could feel Eddie nod, “Yeah, why?”

Richie shrugged, “I just wanna make sure you’re okay,” he began to play with Eddie’s short hair.

Eddie smiled softly and lifted his head to look at Richie, “Yeah, I’m okay, are you?”

“Yep, even better now that you’re here,” Richie winked at the end of the sentence, but they both knew his statement wasn’t a joke.



Eddie rolled his eyes, setting his head on Richie's chest once again, "You're so cheesy it physically hurts."

Richie let out a quiet laugh, "I try my best."

Nothing was said for a few moments, both boys simply holding each other and waiting for them to fall asleep.

After five minutes or so, Eddie nuzzled deeper into Richie's chest, "I'm gonna fall asleep, goodnight Rich."

Richie pressed a kiss to Eddie's head, "Goodnight, Eddie. Love you."

Eddie smiled once again, "Love you too."

**Author's Note:**

thank you for reading, i hope you enjoyed!! this was also posted on my tumblr (eddietozie-r) and y'all should go there and send me prompts/hcs!!